

Here..Kitty, kitty

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Here..Kitty, kitty

by www.fishdotcom

Summary

Dogboy Sapnap, Dogboy Dream, Catboy George?

And they're all roommates.

Notes

Dream- Golden Retriever

Sapnap- Bernese mountain dog

George- Birman

I wrote this to curb my urges to add Sapnap into my other fic and because there are definitely not enough catboy George fics

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream scratches behind his fluffy ear, foot rapidly tapping against the hardwood as he got right into a good spot. He was currently standing directly in front of the door to his apartment, waiting for a knock. They were getting a new roommate—a hybrid too—but the species wasn't identified yet. Seeing as they'd made it very clear both he and Sapnap were dog hybrids, the roommate was likely to be one too. The pictures didn't even help to tell, all were at least a bit blurry and had a type of ear coverage like a hat.

He didn't mind if they weren't a dog, stereotypically dogs just fit better with other dogs than other hybrids. At least he could be sure it wasn't a cat because cats had always been distant with dog hybrids and it was hard for them to fit together. So, he made the no cat assumption, a bit disappointing for his curious heart.

Dream knew Sapnap was in his room, but as footsteps sounded down the hallway, audible to the two dogboys' sensitive ears, he heard him clamber down the stairs to greet their new friend.

Dream opens up the door, smiles big and tail wagging, staring straight ahead. He blinks, one, twice, then frowns before his peripheral vision catches a dark brown head of hair, mostly covered by a beanie, much farther down than he'd expected. His head tilts and his smile returns, "Hello!" He exclaims and was met with shocked eyes, one brown one blue.

Sapnap was at his side in a flash echoing with a cheerful, "Hi!"

"Um, hey. I'm George."

Dream clasps the small hand the stranger had cautiously held out with both of his, effectively covering it all. He shakes it, moving his whole arm with it. George squeaks and bats the dogs hands away quickly, holding his own to his chest protectively.

Dream isn't unmotivated by this at all seemingly.

"What kind of dog are you? You're small! Poodle? No curly hair though! Some kind of terrier? Pomeranian? chihuahua?" He yaps along until Sapnap elbows him in the side.

As Dream had spoken, the small boy had pulled off the hat, letting his ears free.

George cleared his throat.

Dream stares, mouth agape, "...Kitty!" He suddenly barks excitedly, like a child and jerks forward to sniff. It'd been a long time since he'd been around a cat hybrid, and he lacked self control to begin with. Luckily, he was stopped by a hand holding the back of his shirt and the way George hissed at him.

Sapnap steps forward, "I'm sorry." He quickly says, apologizing for Dream and gives George a polite nod to greet him instead, the cat returns it, although his ears were still laid back.

"Well. I'm the roommate you've talked with. Obviously. I hope we can live together..peacefully."

Both dogboys stepped aside, letting him pass between them into the apartment. Dreams eyes followed his every move, his hands clenched at his sides, keeping himself under control.

George stays close to the walls, eyes scanning the room, getting the layout down. His fluffy and

long tail had found its way out from tucked beneath his shirt, the tip twitching anxiously. He made his round, Sapnap patiently waiting, he understood cats, but Dream did not and he was practically jumping up and down because he was so impatient.

George stands in front of them, "This seems all fine." He stares, tail looping protectively around his arm. He was substantially smaller, in stature compared to Dream and even more in muscle mass when compared to Sapnap. Somehow his stare still seemed to pin them both in place.

Dream eventually broke the silence by offering to show George to his room. He returns to Sapnap after, looking almost ashamed, "I think I made a bad impression.."

Sapnap rolls his eyes, "Idiot. Just apologize." He pats his head then moves to flop down on the couch, "He's gonna be all skittish. So don't come on too strong."

—

switching to more sapnap centric.

They were a week in. George had hardly come out of his room. He seemed polite when he did, but it could just be that he was so quiet.

But then they created Game Night.

Game Night.

Game Night changed everything.

Suddenly their new roommate who'd been so standoffish was screeching and laughing and begging them during monopoly, screaming with his puffed tail pointed straight when someone laid down a draw four in uno, and loudly singing his own victory songs when he won anything.

On their second week of Game Night, or the third week of George's presence, Sapnap knocks on George's door, holding two different board games in either hand.

"Okay..We've got Clue and Monopoly but..space themed." He gives his best jazz hand for dramatic.

George spins in his chair, sharp little teeth chewing at his lip while he considers, "Clue." He eventually says and gets up.

Sapnap had been inspecting the games, but looked up when George stood. His mouth goes dry.

"Is that..?" His voice cracks as he stares him down, stepping closer.

George blinks and looks down at what Sapnap was staring at, "Oh. It was in the dryer." He simply says and looks up again.

Why was he saying it so nonchalantly? That was Sapnap's hoodie, his that he wore constantly and was now being worn by George of all people. The dumb cat who avoided their touch at all costs. And he looked fucking adorable in it.

Sapnap tried to contain himself but his tail was wagging a mile a minute.

George's face was growing redder and he grabs the hem, "I don't need it anymore, so just take it back, stupid!" He says quickly but was stopped when he was suddenly falling backwards. George screeches but didn't even feel himself hit the floor, Sapnap's hand cushioned him down. Hands that

were now grabbing his waist. The hybrid was between his legs, squirming happily and licking at his cheek and neck. Meanwhile George was hissing and yowling like he was being murdered. Which is exactly what Dream thought when he busted into the room holding a book above his head. Sapnap perks up with a happy smile when he sees Dream and George takes this moment to squirm his way free. He takes the hoodie off and it at Sap's head, aggressively as he could, face still red and his tail and ears puffed up.

"What the hell Sapnap!" He yells and punches his shoulder, still lightly however.

The dog cowers, "I'm sorry! You're just so cute! I couldn't hold back anymore.." He whines, stomping his foot.

Dream begins to pout, "I want to hug Georgie." He gives his best puppy-dog eyes to the cat.

George glares back, "No way! Get out of my room!"

Both leave, tails quite literally between their legs

—

After the hoodie incident the dogboys felt like they'd taken 3 steps back after just 2 forward.

That was until the couch incident, a much more positive experience.

It was late Saturday night and Dream was on the couch, entranced by some movie. Sapnap was visiting a friend, so it was just George and Dream. However he'd hardly seen the catboy, he'd been hiding away during meals and game nights for a while, but Dream usually left Sapnap to solve these things so he'd let it be. He missed the kitty, Sapnap would occasionally agree to cuddle with him, but he craved to be able to wrap his bigger around George ever so protectively.

George had never let him obviously, which was partially why he jumped so hard when he felt a tentative hand on his stomach.

Dream and George met eyes, the hand being yanked back. His eyes were big, pupils dilated but as Dream stayed frozen in his spot, George put his hand back.

His palm was flat and he slid it across, feeling the texture before adding his other hand and pulling up his feet shortly after. He was hovering above him, hands on his chest, knees bracketing either side of his torso. His wide eyes were still tracking every movement, although there hardly were any, Dream was in too much shock. He begins to knead his chest, alternating hands, exactly like a cat, until he decided it was time to lay. George sinks down, cheek against the taller males chest, their bodys pressed close together. Dream gulps and tries to keep relaxed, he couldn't mess this up.

They stayed that way, George falling asleep against his chest not long after he'd laid there and Dream forced himself to sleep as well.

When the dog awoke, George was gone, and not another word was said about it. But George was back to playing games during Game Night and every once in a while Sapnap and Dream would feel Georges tail brush around their arm when he walked by or sat down next to them.

This might work out after all..

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sapnap knows too much about cats, Dream and George have a close encounter.

Chapter Notes

sorry for chapter two taking months, I don't have an excuse so just hope you enjoy!

Comments are appreciated :) <3

thump

thump

Dream jolted up, legs sprawled across Sapnap, accidentally kicking him while he woke. The other dog growls and pushes him away tiredly, "What the hell Dream.."

crash

Sapnap sits up, eyes wide, "That sounded like.."

"Glass?"

Dream finishes and they both are on their feet, hurrying to the source of the noise. The lights were all off, both flipped them on as they walked through the house, "George?" He calls worriedly and catches a glimpse of the moon out the window, why was George up?

The kitchen lights get flicked on by Sapnap, and the light bounces off the glass covering the tile floor. It also reveals the catboy crouched on the corner. His wide eyes darted to them.

Everyone stood still for a moment, the loudest noise was George's heavy breathing.

Then everything fell into action. George leaped off the counter into Sapnap's arms, who quickly caught him, stumbling back a bit, "George!" Sap shrieked and the catboy claws at his shoulders, trying to climb over him.

Sapnap caught him by the thighs while he was flailing, folded in half across his shoulder. He stills for a moment, soft pants the only noise in the room.

Dream rubs his eyes, "What the hell.." he grumbles. Sapnap trails a comforting hand down George's back, causing a soft mewl.

"Uh..you got the zoomies kitty?"

George hissed at Sapnap and began clawing at his back, trying to get free, "Calling me kitty is so

degrading!” He flops unceremoniously onto the floor, but quickly rights himself, standing up to face the dogs.

Dream looked lost, “What’s going on?”

George crossed his arms, tail still whipping side to side but his eyes seemed less dilated, “I just get energy at night sometimes.”

Sapnap nods and pats his head, “Zoomies!” George’s ears laid back.

“I don’t think that’s correct.” He muttered.

Dream seemed disinterested in the topic and surely didn’t understand, “Are you sick?”

Sapnap laughed, “He’s not sick, probably just needs to play more during the day. I’ll get you some toys buddy.”

The cat flipped him off, “Whatever, I’m fine now. Let’s get back to bed.”

Sapnap and Dream turn, heading to Dream’s room. He feels a tug on his tail, George following behind, eyes on the floor. He smirked knowingly.

Dream lays down first, on his back all spread out. Sap stands to the side, leaving George to pick his spot. The cat boy crawls onto the bed, cautious and lays right against Dream’s side, half on him and leg hooked over his hips

Sapnap takes his place, going behind George on his side, spooning him and reaching far across to have his hand on Dream’s chest. George was squished, but comfortably so, and as much as he would hate to admit it, between his two favorite boys.

The next day George was the second to wake, and took his sweet time doing morning stretches, exactly like a cat. His small hands curled up similar to paws while he pushed his hips back and stretched his arms out. He mewed and sat up, taking in the surroundings.

Dream snored loudly beside him, but Sapnap seemed nowhere to be found.

“Hmph.” He pouts and climbs out of bed. Where was Sap? Nobody should be leaving without letting him know. If the boy wasn’t downstairs, he better be prepared for a hissing fit when he returned. Schedule was important to the cat. He didn’t appreciate too many surprises. Unless they were presents. He did deserve spoiling.

George takes a place at a kitchen stool that could easily see the front door, waiting for the dumb dog to return.

And that he did, only a few minutes later, rushing with the lock and panting.

The two locked eyes, Sapnap’s face red and sweaty, George cool and collected, but eyes looked as though he could kill.

“Hey Georgie. Sorry, I went to the store.” He held up a bag, ‘Pet-Co’ labeled clearly on the front. George softens, ears perking straight up when a bell rings from inside. He didn’t even notice the bag being hidden behind Sapnap’s back.

Sap comes closer, nonchalantly putting his secret bag down behind the counter and putting the pet

bag up in front of George.

“Now sit still i’ll get your presents out, some of these are for Dreamie and me.”

“I’m not a dog.” he mumbles when told to sit, but stays frozen nonetheless.

“Good kitty.” Sapnap coos, in what was supposed to be a joke, although when George’s breath hitches and he looks away quick, face red, it didn’t feel so much like one. He doesn’t say anything. For now.

Out Sap pulls a feathered cat toy, a small plush mouse that squeaked when jostled, some balls with bells inside and a bag of catnip.

George fixates on the mouse and swats it, eyes big and dilated. The toy squeaks as it falls on the ground and George practically falls out of his chair to chase it.

Sapnap laughs loudly and watches the man roll around and swat at the toy. After a minute he had it clutched between his teeth and he looked up proudly at Sapnap

Sapnap gleefully stares back, until he sees the boy’s wide eyes close and open slowly, all while still intensely staring. He gasped and grabbed George's shirt.

The cat shrieks and drops the mouse, “Stop! What? I didn't mean it!” He yells and shoves the dog boy away that was trying to press his nose against his neck.

“George!” he coos happily and pressed a kiss to his nose while the cat trying to bite his chin.

Sapnap knew cats. Much more than Dream especially. He’d gotten curious about them one day and done his research, which was certainly paying off with the unlikely roommate. He knew what that special slow blink meant. George loved him.

George swats his arm, claws sharp and after giving the little scratch he scrambles away unhappily.

His tail was puffed up and he storms into the first door he sees and locks the door behind him. He’d let his guard down, stupid.

“George?”

He jumps and turns wide eyes to the bed where Dream was sitting, laptop in his lap. He glares, Dream gives his big, soft puppy-dog eyed stare back.

Stupid dog. He storms over, hissing and still puffy. Dream grabs his hands, pushing off the laptop with his elbow and drags George into his lap instead.

“Did you see a spider? You look scared.” The dog says softly and begins gently petting his poor roommate’s head. He’d settled the cat nicely on his thighs, spreading them to give him a comfortable seat and laying him against his chest while he leaned into the pillows behind him.

George doesn’t struggle, just grunts in response. Stupid dog couldn’t even tell he was mad, not scared. But playing and being angry tired him out. And the blonde boy was always his own personal heater. So he simply relaxed in his hold.

Dream felt him melt and pulled the boy's chin up, inspecting his lazy eyed look. He smiles and leans down, nuzzling against his neck, “Good kitty.”

“I’m only letting you say that cause I’m tired.” He shivers, but his body feels warm.

Slowly his eyes close, letting the small puffs of air on his neck lull him to sleep. Until he felt something wet. His eyes snap open and he squeaks when it happens again, “Dream!” He yelps, the dog licking at his neck. He clamps down on his bottom lip, keeping in some unwanted noises.

“Shush, it’s okay.” He meant nothing by it, just trying to comfort him which is why his hand creeps down to his tail, smoothing out some hairs that were still sticking up.

George gasped as a hand gently carded through the fluff, nails scratching just right. Purrs rumble in his throat and he pushes his hips back into it.

Dream was thoroughly encouraged by this and moves down further towards the base, a loud mowl tells him to go further. George wore simple basketball shorts with a hole made for his tail. So while the cat was still dazed and purring he pulls them down a bit so he can free the boys tail. He tugs it free and runs a hand from base to tip. The tail points straight up and Geoges back arches.

“Dream-“ He gasps breathlessly and the dog scratches at the base. He squeezes his thighs together and claws at the lime shirt in frint of him, “Ah, ah, ah.”

Dream smiles, “Feel good?” He asks innocently, thinking he was simply getting him to purr. He continues under the tail at the base and George’s eyes roll back. He begins to mowl then a soft moan escapes, his hips canting forward, “Dream..” He whines, sounding downright pornographic.

But the dogboy couldn’t stop, or maybe didn’t want to. His mouth fell open in shock as the poor cat desperately rutted into the air and moaned while he scratched the spot.

George was panting, his mind too fuzzy as purrs made his whole body tremble. As his thrusts finally made contact with Dream’s stomach the touch came to a stop and all his thoughts returned quickly. He shoved away, flustered and looking thoroughly spent,”Get out!” He yells, voice cracking. Dream squirms out from under him and is out of the room in a flash. He runs right into Sap who he grabs and pulls along. He had a feeling George would want some alone time from them both.

George sits there, tears pricking his eyes while he presses the heel of his palm against his clothed cock. Whimpers escape him, he was so hard it hurt.

“Shit..”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Everyones getting closer— a little too close for comfort at some points.

Chapter Notes

uhh here's a chapter sorry i've been dead!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Another round of days spent avoiding the dogs occurred after the 'incident' but luckily Dream was smart enough to not mention it when their cat boy finally came back to dinners.

After two nights of calm meals, Sapnap spoke up.

“Why don't we watch a movie? There's that new horror one.”

Dream, excited for everything perks up and begins nodding excessively, “Yes! Yes. George?” He presents his best puppy-dog eyes.

George gulps, “Fine.” He didn't mention the fact that he was outrageously scared of them, but he reassured himself he could make it through.

Sapnap got to work cleaning up their places while Dream got comfy on the couch. After the golden retriever was in place, George carefully analyzed where he would sit. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he'd missed the dogs attention, and wanted to be touching them a bit with where he sat. His brow was still furrowed to choose his spot when Sapnap came and sat on the left of Dream — leaving a suspiciously George sized hole between them. The cat climbs over Dream's outstretched leg and takes his seat between them, choosing to press his side against sapnap.

He rolls his eyes as he hears the familiar sound of a tail thumping,”Dumb dog.” He mumbles and begins to groom his hand.

Dream was pouting about his lack of George, but luckily he had a bit of his kitty's leg touching his own.

They press play on the movie and all of his attention goes to anxiously grooming himself, he licks between his fingers, catching remnants of dinner. His first glance up at the movie is, of course, the moment the monster jumps out.

George's tail puffs and he turns, lurching halfway into Sapnaps lap. Whining softly he turns his nervous licking onto Sapnap. The man's shirt was large, slipping to reveal a bit of collarbone, the perfect place for George's rough tongue. He begins to lick, a bit aggressively at the region while screams get louder on the TV. His thighs even tightened around the one of Sapnap's he was straddling, the dog jolted a bit while it all occurred, but was surprisingly glad for all of this

attention.

Dream was very unhappy about it. He'd lost all his touch on George. Golden ears laid back he crawls closer to the two on the couch. It unhelpfully creaks and big, glowing eyes latch onto him—all movement frozen.

Sapnap glares while Dream takes advantage of the petrified state. He tugs lightly on the cat's tail, causing his hips to just back and a soft whimper to slip out. He grabs George's thigh and pulls it up and towards him, widening the gap so he can push his own thigh under, side to side with Sapnap.

George adjusts to having to sit on a wider lap and even stills a bit, eyes going back to the movie screen.

Sadly for Dream, the rest of the movie was uneventful, George just trembled slightly throughout it until he could sprint away to hide in his room.

George refused to admit he had a lot of cat like tendencies— even though everyone in the house was a very high strung hybrid.

However, here George was, stretching out in a sunbeam, eyes uncharacteristically sleepy and forcing themselves open.

Dream makes his way downstairs when he sees him— immediately gasping at the cuteness.

“George..” He whispers and tiptoes his way over. The cat's whole tummy was exposed. He only gets a tired look in response. Which he takes as acceptance for Dream to start lightly rubbing the bit of exposed stomach.

George purrs and Dream begins to coo, his other big hand going up to rub the kitty's ears.

Sapnap comes down and spots the two, Dream's tongue was practically hanging out from happiness. He comes on the other side of George and begins to stroke the end of his tail and scratch under his chin. George whines, eyes closed and throws his head back a bit. His hips were beginning to wiggle excitedly and he made little humming noises— not quite purring.

“Dreamie..” He whimpers sleepily and Sapnap pouts. Dream happily leans down and is overcome with the cat's scent. He begins to nuzzle and nip and the neck presented to him. Sapnap's hand pulls back and moves down. He carefully slips his hand between the cat's squeezed thighs and begins to rub the inner parts, massaging it.

George's back arches up, “Sap..” His hands curl up, nails digging into palms to ground himself. He felt so dizzy, it was almost becoming too much.

Dream begins to suck a mark on his neck and his hands fly down to grab his hair little “uh, uh, uhs.” escaping him. Finishing it up— George suddenly hissed and jerked back, had reached his limit and all the touch was pulled back.

Sapnap and Dream gave each other knowing smiles and admired their cat.

George rolls to his stomach and rests his head on his arm, breathing a bit heavily.

The boys stand, dream giving him a little pat on the butt before they abandon the kitty, letting him get some real rest in.

Sapnap hears the original crash and sits up straight when he hears the excitedly loud mewl and other echo of broken glass.

He rushes downstairs, throwing off his sheets and not worrying about his own state, "George?" he yells, worried their precious roommate might actually be hurt.

Instead he comes down to find the cat on the counter, two cups shattered on the ground and a third cautiously being nudged towards the edge. George's pupils were huge and his tail whipped around behind him.

"George!" Sapnap growls, "Don't you fucking dare."

The cat's head whips up and he smirks, causing the dog's face to go white. Another glass is shoved off the counter.

Sapnap storms over, avoiding the glass and snatches the boy up, throwing him over his shoulder like a rag doll, "Bad cat. Bad cat!" He shouts and throws him onto the couch, "We do not break glasses!" George pushes himself up and tries to scramble away in fear when Sapnap grabs his wrists, "Look at me!"

George's eyes water and he hisses back.

"That's it." he sits and manhandles George on his tummy over his lap.

"What are you doing?!" He screeches and tries to get off when Sap grabs the base of his tail, moving it up and causing George's back to arch nicely so he has enough access to his target.

Smack

Sapnap slaps him, right on the ass and roughly at that. George yelps, "Dream!" He screams for help whilst Sapnap delivers another.

"Bad kitty's get punished." He snaps and delivers two more hits. Tears begin to fall and George wails pathetically.

Sapnap huffs and gives one more, then grabs him by the waist, tugging him up to now sit facing him in his lap.

He holds his hips roughly, enough he knows it'll bruise, "Glasses are not toys. You come to us if you want to play."

George shakes and nods quickly, "M' sorry." He whines and Sapnap loosens his grip.

He takes in the cat's appearance when his eyes glance lower and George begins to sob again. Sapnap gulps, "You.."

There in front of him was a bulge in George's pants, pressing hard against his dumb badkethball shorts. Dream finds this the perfect time to clamber downstairs and George wails again, throwing his arms around Sapnap's and trying to hide his embarrassment.

Sapnap sighs and gently shushes him, "It's okay."

As much as he didn't want to, he carefully prys the cat off and pushes him further back in his lap. He leans forward, listening to pitiful whimpers as he leaves a bite mark on his pale neck, "Go take

care of yourself.” George takes his cue and rushes off to a bathroom, pushing past Dream.

The two dogs make eye contact and Sapnap shakes his head, “Fuck.”

Dream takes a seat beside him, “You better not have messed things up..”

Surprisingly, the spanking event was never mentioned and nothing changed because of it— besides George trying to limit his time on counters and pushing over things in general.

Dream yells into his mic at the game he was playing, shrieking when he dies, “Fuck, fuck!”

George chooses this time to walk in and does his own squeak when Dream hits his keyboard.

The dog boy freezes and turns towards him, glaring, “What do you -“ His eyes froze and George flushes.

“You’re wearing a skirt.” He says dumbly, staring intensely at the white pleated fabric that poofed out underneath Dream’s oversized hoodie.

George gets defensive and makes his way over to the bed, “Yeah? So? You think guys can’t wear skirts. They work best for my tail anyway. You should try it.” He sits with an angry huff.

Dream shakes his head quickly, “N- No! He stutters and shoves his headphones off, “I was just surprised!” He whimpers, wanting to be forgiven, but George sticks his tongue out and is standing again.

“I’ll just go hang out with Sapnap!” He giggles and runs out of the room, leaving the pouting puppy behind to whine in his gaming chair.

Sapnap was all wide eyes and grabbing hands when he noticed the unfamiliar article.

“Let go...” He whines, dragging out the words and pushing at his chest. Sapnap had him in his lap, feeling up his hips, “Pretty kitty!” he coos loudly— obviously still waking up from his nap— George hisses at him.

“Off you mutt.”

Sap whines, “Just let me scent you at least kitty.”
he snuffles and gives his best puppy dog eyes.

George stres at the wall, face going red, “That’s not something friends do often..” He mumbles but tilts his head, allowing him ample surface.

Sapnap yips in surprise happiness and suddenly George’s world is being flipped. He’s on his back and Sapnaos nose is nuzzling his inner thigh, much too close to his goods.

He promptly clamps his thighs together and tryings to squirm away, yelping, “Stop, stop, stop!”

Sapnap simply holds his grips tightly, “You said I could, it’s- it’s just platonic. Dogs like scenting stuff, since we’re friends i wanna do it with you.” He gives a toothy grin and slides his hands down.

George’s eyes were teary from embarrassment, “Just don’t look up my skirt.” He sniffled.

Sapnap nods seriously like he hadn’t already gotten a eye full of the pink and white lace.

The cat boy looks the other way and lets his legs fall open.

Sapnap leans back in, his own tail happily thumping as he rubs and nuzzles plush thigh. George's whole body was trembling and Sapnap gave him a nip of reassurance, instead causing the boy to jolt. Sapnap licks his lips, that was a fun reaction. He smiles and licks at where he'd just bit, hearing a muffled squeak this time. Self-control was gone and he began to suck at the spot, humming softly, knowing their cat would be all nice and marked now. His ears block out the whimpers and strained noises as he carefully leaves bruises all up his inner thigh. Eventually, when his nose comes to close to nudging George's pretty underwear; his ears are yanked backwards.

Sapnap howls in pain and scrambles back, covering them protectively— now giving him the chance to see George.

The kitty's tail and ears were properly puffed up, his face red as can be and tear streaks down his cheeks. A bit of drool had gathered on his bottom lip and Sapnap resisted leaning in to lick it.

"I-I'm sorry." He chokes out and George slaps him, then hisses and is off to his locked room.

He holds his hand to his cheek and stares in awe at the way he stumbled off.

"Damn it." he shoves his hand down his pants and his tail begins to thump. His hips rut up against his palm aggressively, cock getting much deserves friction, "Kitty..Kitty.." He whines eyes squeezed shut as the image of George kept repeating in his head, "Fuck!" He yelps and his underwear is flooded with hot liquid. His tongue hangs out while he pants, feeling dizzy from his daydreams.

Dream— in the room beside Sap— was succumbing to a similar fate, his ear pressed to the wall, having listened to all of George's pathetic whimpering.

Chapter End Notes

comments appreciated- honestly i only wrote another chapter cuz people kept bugging me (/j) with comments

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dream and George have lots of alone time- leaving the other dog boy feeling jealous and left out.

Chapter Notes

hi kiddos hope you like the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat in his room eyeing the blank wall while his smooth thighs rub together uncomfortably. He was trying to pretend his lower half wasn't aching with want to be touched, cock straining in tight boxers.

It'd been happening more often- after the whole 'scenting' event- he felt crazy. Every time he was around his roommates he hardly lasted an hour before he was back in his room in this state.

He could only stay frustrated so long. His tail whipped around and he angrily grabbed his pillow, folding it in half and parting his knees long enough to shove a pillow between, "Mph" He whines-loudly.

Narrow hips begin to rut and he falls forward chest pressing to his sheets while he got the friction he needed. Moans spilled from his mouth fruitlessly and loud, "Dream- Dreamie.." He gasps cock leaking and he pauses- or at least slows- long enough to show his underwear down, his cock happily freed.

"Sapnap!" He wails next, pressing down against a bruise, one in the shape of a hand right on his ass left by the name he grunted into the sheets.

Heat spreads through his body and his hand moves to his tail next- tugging and petting roughly.

"Uh-uh, uh unh..Dreamie!"

"George?" The golden retriever steps through the door, innocently ready to help before his eyes adjust to the scene.

George yelps, scrambling up, his red cock hitting his stomach and he grabs the incriminating pillow next to cover himself.

Dream stares unabashedly at him while the cat boy's eyes begin to water, "You-You dog!"

Dream hesitantly comes forward, "Let me help?" He practically whimpers. The kitty sits in shock at the offer, not expecting it so he slowly nods before he can think through what helping entails.

Dream crawls on the bed and pulls his kitty into his lap- pillow pressed between them, "You're

shaking.” George squeaks- eyes squeezed shut.

“Say you want this.” George nods again- and two big hands find their place roughly on his waist, “I have to hear you.”

“Yes.” He squeaks and his hips begin to grind down, “Please!”

Dream throws the pillow across the room and uses a rough hand to pleasure the poor boy, “Smaller than me, smaller in my hand.” The dog whispers, and George wasn’t sure if he was meant to hear it but it makes him arch his back and claw at tan biceps in want.

“Don’t say that!” He thrusts into his hand. His voice got pitched up the closer he got,”Puppy! Close, close, ah, pull- pull my tail!”

Dream’s tail thumped on the bed, his own face heated up with blush. The hand on his waist moves to stroke up and down his tail then firmly tugs, “Shit!” George yelps and cums all over dream’s hand instantly.

Both of them froze and George’s ears laid back, muscles beginning to tense, ready to jump up.

Dream pulls him into a tight hug, “No, no, no.” He whines and tucks his golden head into George’s neck, “Don’t leave. It’s okay.”

George squirms, eyes watering a bit in embarrassment, “Can you at least help me clean up?” He huffs and puts his hands over his lower half, giving himself as much privacy as he could.

Dream got up quickly, setting George on the bed and smiling, “Stay here, I’ll be back.”

Out to the bathroom he stumbles, in search of a damp cloth and then to his room for two hoodies of his own. Cum had gotten on his own and he knew George preferred his or Saps.

In his rush he runs straight into the other dog boy, who’s eyes go to the curious stain.

“Dream..”

“It’s George’s!” He yelps without thinking

Sapnap sits in shock for a moment before a growl bubbled up his throat, “You fucked George before me! Without me?!” He tackles the golden boy who barks in fear and tries to squirm free, luckily the fight didn’t get too far as George runs into the hall, scared of the noise.

Sapnap freezes on top of Dream who was cowered in fear below him— a trembling mess.

“Get-Get off him!”

Sapnap glares, his eyes seem red, but tears gathered on his waterline. He stares at the floor as Dream gets back onto his feet.

George’s tail was poofed and he rubs his eyes,”I, I don’t know what the two of you are fighting about but.. Dream can we- and Sapnap- just go nap. I don’t want to fight right now.” His voice is strained and he hissed softly at the two to further his point.

Sapnap trudged over and wrapped his arms around George protectively, pressing his face into his neck.

George pats his head and looks over his ears at Dream trying to communicate a question in what

happened, but he only pouts about being left out. The cat steps back, pulling Sap along until he gets to the room and bed. Dream trotted behind them.

Dream woke up, spitting out the flop of hair pressed into his mouth, and takes in his surroundings. A couple of days had passed since his and Sapnap's fight, but they hadn't really made up yet. He tried not to care and squeezed the floof —George— who was curled up right next to him.

George squirms and grunts,"Dream.." He slurs his words and turns to face the body heat. Dream loosens his grip to allow the adjustment, then suddenly tenses as George begins kneading sharpened nails against his chest. He receives a bite on his bicep, a silent, but angry, message to relax again.

Dream attempts to, his hands going down to George's waist, brushing up and down to relax him.

George does not seem relaxed because he presses closer to dream's chest, stopping his kneading, tail beginning to whip around in a familiarly frustrated way.

"Kitten.." He sighs and teeth latch onto his neck, so his hands grip equally rough on narrow hips.

"George!" Kitten licks replace teeth.

Dream wasn't sure what was frustrating him but he slips his hands under his friends shirt, gently rubbing his stomach. It keeps George still for longer but when he feels him twitch, getting ready to lash out again— Dream pushes down on his nipple, other hand that had been relaxing by his waist grabs George's ass, warning him to stop.

It makes him shut up, but not before he lets out an angry whine. Dream looks down at him, brow furrowed and he sees half-lidded eyes looking back at him. The cat yawns and nuzzles under his chin.

Dream flushed, he was still so sleep and cute. He resisted yipping. He moves his hand off George's ass only to put it back but now slips under his boxers, "Kitty.." He whispers, a realization coming to mind.

"Are you frustrated because you maybe had, like, a dream?" He licks his lips and gets a sleepy nod in return, "Finish what Sappy and you were doin'" his kitten mumbles.

George's back arches, pressing his butt back into the warm hand.

Dream swallowed thickly and moves his hand down, pressing his pointer finger against a slick hole, his tail thumps loudly behind him, "Can I- Can I? Can I touch you? What am I allowed?" He chokes out.

George moves, mouth pressed closer to a golden ear, "You can do anything, please, please, make me feel good puppy."

Dream shivers and presses his finger inside George, awfully glad his species produced slick.

George moans, then sighs softly and his eyes flutter shut in a sleepy way. "Mm.."

Dream thrusts it in and out and begins to bite and lick, properly abusing his pale neck and shoulder with claims.

“Dreamie!” He cries, high pitched and Dream adds another finger, “You’d feel so good around me baby, so tight, I- I would fill you up, so well- promise.”

George tries to shuffle his hips with Dreams finger thrusts. Words are being slurred under his breath and Dream uses his other hand to pet at all cat appendages, switching back and forth between ears and tail.

“My baby, my kitten, sweetheart you’re so pretty, so pretty all sleepy and good for me,” Dream whines and takes his hand off the tail to jack himself off. George feels another finger enter and cants his hips forward, happy to find a thick thigh slotted between his for him to grind against.

They speed up, georges soft whines caught between yawns and Dream’s slow praises, “I’m gonna finish Georgie, cum with me, you’re such a good boy.”

George mewls and finishes with only fingers in his ass, pressing hard against his sweet spot, “Dream!” he whines, too half asleep to yell.

However Dream growls loudly, feeling the liquid hit him he cums in his hand with loud pants of, “George! George, George, Georgie!”

Breathing loud, tongue out of his mouth, he looks happily down at his partner, only to find him blissfully asleep, soft snores and a delighted smile.

Dream sighs, but he wasn’t mad and the adorable sight gave him a little smirk too.

—

When George had finally awoken at noon, remembering sleepy flashes of their morning he flushed, sitting up quick to escape but found an empty bed. Quietly he changes into jeans, happy to find himself free of sticky mess then trudges down to the kitchen.

“Hey Sap.” He hums, in a good mood, which is what makes the dog turn around, smile poised until he catches sight of new marks all over his neck, “George!” He barks and stands up, close enough to grab his wrist.

George is yanked roughly into his chest, hair pulled so he’d reveal the bruised masterpiece all over his neck.

“What the hell!”

Sapnap knew the tone was genuine and he scoops him up, and goes straight to the bathroom where he sets him on the counter staring straight at his reflection. The hand is in his hair against making his eyes water in slight pain and the sight of Sapnap’s furious eyes— even his ears laid straight back.

“You are mine!” He snaps and George's tail whips around, “Sap..” He tries lightly but his breath is cut off by a hand around his throat and a strong body now pressed to his back, bites being laid across any region of unmarked skin, ”Mine!” he yells and George flinches, but his fearful trembling contradicts the hard on pressing in his jeans.

Suddenly a gentle knocks echo on the locked door, “Sapnap?”

let me know how you feel! i always appreciate the comments! i read them all!! You commenters are always so sweet— except when you're bullying me about posting (/j i wouldn't update without everyone asking)

End Notes

Comments are so lovely as always!!

Checking out my other fics is very cool

not sure when the next update will be because i am a bit busy.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!